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PULL TOGETHER FOR ECHO

**The Scrap Book**

**Well Suited.**  
 Do you think your daughter and I are suited to each other, madam?" asked the prospective bridegroom.  
 "Oh, splendidly! Haven't you a very fine loud voice, and isn't Mary dreadfully hard of hearing?"

**CONCENTRATION.**  
 The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one, may hope to achieve it before life is done, but he who seeks all things wherever he goes. Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows. A harvest of barren regrets, and the worm that creeps on in the dust to the definite term. Of its creeping existence and sees nothing more. Than the path it pursues till its creeping is over. In its limited vision is happier far. Than the half sage, whose course, fixed by no friendly star, is by each star distracted in turn and who knows. Each will still be as distant wherever he goes.

**Too Much of a Good Thing.**  
 "I've got the very thing you want," said the stableman to a ruralist in search of a horse; "a thoroughgoing road horse. Five years old, sound as a quail, \$175 cash down, and he goes ten miles without stopping."  
 The purchaser threw his hands skyward.  
 "Not for me," he said; "not for me. I wouldn't give you 5 cents for him. I live eight miles out in de country, and I'd haf to walk back two miles."

**His Sense of Justice.**  
 The small grandson of Governor Cummins of Iowa is not permitted to eat doughnuts, but when visiting in the kitchen of a neighboring relative the cook presented him with one of these delicacies, and he ate it with perfect enjoyment.  
 All would have gone well had not an overpowering sense of his obligations mastered the culprit. Curious investigations were the natural outcome when he said his usual prayer that night and then hesitantly added this brief but incriminating petition:  
 "And—please bless Aunt Cora's hired girl."—Lippincott's.

**Not What He Came For.**  
 A small boy was fishing Sunday and accidentally tumbled into the creek. As an old man on the bank was helping him out he said, "How did you come to fall in the river, my little man?"  
 "I didn't come to fall in the river. I came to fish."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**An Optimistic View.**  
 A farmer was anxious that his son should become a minister, and for this laudable end he sent him to college for four years. To his great disappointment, the youth balked at the ministry and set himself up as a horse trader. The old farmer told his grief to a neighbor, who, however, took a more optimistic view.  
 "Oh, I wouldn't feel badly about that," he said. "As a boss trader Bill will probably lead more men to repentance than he ever would have as a preacher."

**Observing Regulations.**  
 A new national guardsman was on sentry duty one night during his first encampment when a friend brought him a pie from the canteen. As he sat on the grass eating the pie the major sauntered up in undress. The sentry, not recognizing him, did not salute, and the major stopped and said:  
 "What's that you have there?"  
 "Pie," said the sentry good naturedly. "Apple pie. Have a bit?"  
 "Do you know who I am?"  
 "No," said the sentry, "unless you're the major's groom."  
 "Guess again."  
 "The barber from the village?"  
 "No."  
 "Maybe—here the sentry laughed—'maybe you're the major himself?'"  
 "That's right. I am the major," was the stern reply.  
 The sentry scrambled to his feet.  
 "Good gracious!" he exclaimed.  
 "Hold the pie, will you, while I present arms!"

**Hogs and Time.**  
 A northerner riding through West Virginia came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.  
 "Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the rider.  
 "Out to pasture to fatten 'em a bit."  
 "Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten them on grass? Up where I came from we pen them up and feed them on corn. It saves a lot of time."  
 "Hell! What's time to a hawg?"—Everybody's.

**A Reference.**  
 A firm of shady outside London brokers was prosecuted for swindling. In acquitting them the court, with great severity, said:  
 "There is not sufficient evidence to convict you, but if any one wishes to know my opinion of you I hope they will refer to me."  
 Next day the firm's advertisement appeared in every available medium with the following, well displayed: "Reference as to probity, by special permission, the lord chief justice of England."

**His Reformation.**  
 He was rather given to late hours, and his wife remonstrated with him, so he promised her faithfully that he would reform. It would have been all right if his friends had not heard of it.  
 "So John H. has reformed, has he? Humph, we'll see." They "saw" him

in procession. First he met one old chum, then another, and it never dawned upon him that is was a conspiracy. The first night that John H. reached home after he had made that promise to his wife it was very late, or, rather, it was very early. In fact, it was early morning. He took off his boots, managed to hang his hat up and walked softly into the room where his wife slumbered. So far all was good. He divested himself of his coat, and just as he was hanging it on the gas bracket his wife woke up.  
 "Why, John," she exclaimed, "what on earth are you getting up so early for?"

This was a poser, but John was equal to the occasion.  
 "That's all right," he said. "You know I've reformed, Mary, an' there's lots of people I've got to see early in the mornin'."  
 And he deliberately put on his coat and boots, found his hat and went out again, while Mrs. H. turned over, with a fendish chuckle, and went to sleep.

**Love.**  
 Think what it is not to hate anything but sin, to be full of love to every creature, to be angered at nothing, to be sure that all things will turn to good, not to mind pain because it is our Father's will, to know that nothing—no, not if the earth was to be burnt up or the waters come and drown us—nothing could part us from God, who loves us and who fills our souls with peace and joy, because we are sure that whatever he wills is holy, just and good.—George Elliot.

**The Drawback.**  
 Beardman was a writer of plays, ultimately fairly well known in his day. For nearly twenty years he struggled and fought his way along without meeting with any very pronounced success, each play in turn proving more or less of a failure. At last, however, he produced a play that really caught the public taste. He and the famous Sheridan happened to be present together on the opening night. All went well. Success followed success, and applause greeted and ended each scene. At the end of the second act Beardman's elation got the better of his discretion, and leaning over toward Sheridan—as usual, too witty to be merely sympathetic—he exclaimed:  
 "Sheridan, Sheridan, it's going to be a success, a complete success!"  
 "Ah, yes," murmured Sheridan, with exquisite compassion in his voice, "too bad, too bad!"  
 "Too bad?" stammered his friend, completely taken off his guard. "Why, too bad that it should prove a success?"  
 "Because now," retorted Sheridan, "it'll take you another twenty years to convince any one you wrote it."

**Politely Put.**  
 The manager of a fashionable hotel received complaints from several of his best patrons that the occupant of a certain room on their floor kept them awake nights with his incessant and night piercing snoring. The next day the manager sought out the objectionable snorer, who happened to be a singer of foreign renown, and acquainted him with the situation.  
 "Vat! I snore night?" exclaimed the artist, bristling at this accusation. "Do you know who I am? I am Spitzler, the great German basso!"  
 "Well, then," rejoined the hotel manager, "kindly refrain from singing nights!"

**Maintained His Point.**  
 Roger Minot Sherman while arguing a celebrated case said that his opponent could no more prove his point than he could cut a hair lengthwise.  
 While he was still talking the opponent, who happened to have a very sharp knife, pulled a hair from his beard and split it. As he held it up the court began to laugh, and Mr. Sherman quickly called out, "I said a hair, sir; not a bristle."

Every grower of apples is this year paying for the apple "splurge" of last fall and winter, in which extreme prices prevailed for anything that was an apple and in which hundreds of fruit buyers and commission men were heavy losers or made entirely bankrupt. One Minneapolis buyer told us recently that apples were shipped to that point from New England states in the fall at a cost of \$1.50 per barrel (old down), were kept in storage through the winter and after the collapse along about April 1 were bought by the carload at \$1.25 per barrel. So many commission men got caught on this slump that the thought or sight of an apple makes them sick, with the result that they are very timid this fall and are making no advances. Apples are bringing but little more than half what they did last year, and this in face of the fact that there seems to be little more fruit in sight than in 1907. This finger burning has made buyers cautious and will likely keep them so for a dozen years.

**No More Wanted.**  
 "Merry Christmas, old man! And many more like it."  
 The man addressed turns a baleful, sleepless eye upon the speaker and replies:  
 "Many more like it! Say, you hadn't heard that twins came to our house last night, had you?"—Judge.

**"Jessie Christmas!"**  
 Little Jessie woke up on Christmas morning and called to her four-year-old sister Mary:  
 "Merry Christmas!"  
 "Jessie Christmas!" promptly answered the baby.

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**LODGE DIRECTORY.**  
 Overland Lodge No. 22, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows' hall on Dupont street.

Henrietta Rebekah Lodge No. 36, I. O. O. F.—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month in Odd Fellows' hall.

Umatilla Lodge No. 40, A. F. & A. M.—Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in the Masonic hall on Dupont street.

Fort Henrietta Camp No. 772, W. O. W.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Odd Fellows' hall.

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